By Lady *Fortune*, while our ſteare muſt play,
His daughter woe and heauy wel-aday.
In her vnholy ſeruice: Patience then,
And thinke you now are all in *Metaline*. *Exit.*

Enter two Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Did you euer heare the like?

2. *Gent.* No, nor neuer ſhall do in ſuch a place as this, ſhe being once gone.

1. *Gent.* But to haue diuinity preacht there, did you euer dream of ſuch a thing?

2. *Gent.* No, no, come, I am for no more bawdy houſes, ſhall we go heare the Veſtals ſing?

1. *Gent.* Ile doe any thing now that is vertuous, but I am out of the road of rutting for euer. *Exit.*

Enter the three Bauds.

Pand. Well, I had rather then twice the worth of her, ſhe had nere come heere.

Baud. Fie, fie vpon her, ſhe is able to frieze the God *Priapus*, and vndoe a whole generation, we muſt eyther get her rauiſht, or be rid of her, when ſhe ſhould do for clyents her fitment, and do me the kindneſſe of our profeſſion, ſhe has me her quirks, her reaſons, her maſter-reaſons, her prayers, her knees, that ſhe would make a puritane of the diuell, if he ſhould cheapen a kiſſe of her.

Boult. Faith I muſt rauiſh her, or ſhee'l diſfurniſh vs of all our Caualeers, and make our ſwearers Prieſts.

Pand. Now the poxe vpon her greene ſickneſſe for me.

Baud. Faith there's no way to be rid of it, but by the way to the poxe. Here comes the Lord *Lyſimachus* diſguiſed.

Boul. We ſhould haue both Lord and Lowne, if the peeuiſh baggedge would but giue way to cuſtomers.

Enter Lyſimachus.

Lyſ. How now, how a dozen of virginities?

Baud. Now the Gods to bleſſe your Honour.

Boult. I am glad to ſee your honour in good health.

Lyſ.

Lyſ. You may ſo, tis the be
ſtand vpon ſound legs, how no
you, that a man may deale witha

Baud. We haue one heere ſir, i
But there neuer came her like in

Lyſ. If ſhee'd do the deeds of

Baud. Your honour knowes w

Lyſ. Well, call forth, call forth,

Boult. For fleſh and blood ſi
Roſe, and ſhe were a Roſe indeed

Lyſ. What prethee?

Boult. O ſir, I can be modeſt.

Lyſ. That dignifies the reno
giues a good report to a number

Enter Mar

Baud. Heere comes that which
Neuer pluckt yet I can aſſure you
Is ſhe not a faire creature?

Lyſ. Faith ſhe would ſerue after
Well, there's for you, leaue vs.

Baud. I beſeech your honour gi
And Ile haue done preſently.

Lyſ. I beſeech you do.

Baud. Firſt, I would haue you r

Mar. I deſire to find him ſo, tha

Baud. Next, hee's the Gouerno
whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he gouerne the Cour
deed, but how honourable he is in

Baud. Pray you without any m
vſe him kindly? he will line your

Mar. What he will do graciouſ

Lyſ. Haue you done?

Baud. My Lord, ſhee's not pac
paines to worke her to your manna
Honour and her together.

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